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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

As the paragraph which Signor Rommi read aloud last week from the *Times* has been followed by parry and counter-thrust, we reprint it, so that our subscribers may have the entire case in front of them:—

"HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The question about this establishment is now definitively settled. Mr. Frederick Gye, director in chief of the Royal Italian Opera, has become the lessee."

For twenty-four hours London was in a turmoil. The advocates of the old and time-honoured establishment were aghast. The Covent-Gardenites were rampant; bets were made on either side, odds given and taken; the doors of Nugent and Fish were nearly rapped off their hinges; the Fielding Club was in commotion; Captain Chappell and the Caffres looked infinitely cognizant; youthful Sams vowed he would take no more boxes anywhere; Walter Lacy was thrice eloquent, thrice gesticulative; Billy H— wrote an epitaph, called "Lumley's epitaph," in which occurred a line—

"His chance was uncommonly slim,"

the chance of which becoming famous is uncommonly slim; Captain Harry Lee Carter added a good thing to his "Two Lands of Gold," which Sid. Blanchard was heard to say, with his usual ready wit, "was worth its weight in gold," while Aspinall retorted, with his usual ready wit, that "he preferred quarts to pints," which pun, having no relation to the matter in hand, was not repeated by Albert Smith at the base of Blanc, but dropped by Mr. Woodin into his carpet-bag. What passed at the Garrick we cannot say, as we are not members, and should be loth to put ourselves up, lest we should be pelted with black balls, as has arrived to more than one honourable member of the community of letters. Enough has been said, however, to show the effect which the ominous paragraph produced in club, in social circle, and in the streets too. Next day, before the rising of the swells, a parry from the Lumleyites dispelled the rejoicing of the Gyeants. In the same great paper where the blow was given came the parry to ward off its effects—"Lord Ward's parry," as Dion Bourcicault remarked, with sarcastic acrimony. "*Le voici le parry*:"

"The paragraph in our paper of yesterday relating to Her Majesty's Theatre is, we are informed, incorrect. It is true that Mr. Gye has been in negotiation with certain parties, but it would seem that notice was given to him that they had not the power to grant a lease, and that any such arrangement would be nugatory."

The effect need hardly be described, nor shall we describe it, unless we suggest that it was, as it were, the sudden extinction of a sooty conflagration by the emptying of a water-butt down a chimney. A whole Sunday left the Nugentrobertsonpuzzites alone in their glory. Monday, however, came with a retort, in the same journal, which, to make use of a quip modest, can scarcely be called the retort courteous. *Le voici the retort*:—

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to your journal of this day, in which there appears a paragraph stating that notice has been given to Mr. Gye that any arrangement for granting a lease to him of Her Majesty's Theatre would be nugatory. Mr. Gye has therefore requested me, as the solicitor of Mr. W. S. P. Hughes (to whom possession of the property was delivered by the Sheriff of Middlesex, on the 26th of January last), to inform you that your first announcement, stating the letting of the theatre to Mr. Gye, was correct; and also, that a contract was signed at my office on Tuesday last, by which Mr. Hughes demised the theatre to Mr. Gye from the 25th of the present month.

I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

GEORGE BECKE.

44, Bedford Row, March 26.

This was hard knocks (Knox) on Monday for the party which was triumphant on Sunday—knocks which Tuesday showed, or appeared to show, were not to be parried. The question, however, lies, as it did before, in a nutshell. Litigation is the word; and who can open and shut; or, who cannot open and who cannot shut Her Majesty's Theatre, must be decided by the lawyers in equity—if there be any equity in a Chancery court, which never decides disputed questions of property until the property is quenched, the advocates grey, and the disputants stark. For the present, we therefore leave the question where it was, is, and probably will be, until it is decided, which is not likely to benefit either party—in litigation. Knocks on one side and wards on the other have little chance of realising a catastrophe.

To proceed from the point where we were interrupted by Signor Rommi last week—the catalogue of operas in the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera. The following is the list:—

Semiramide, La Donna d'el Lago, L' Italiana in Algeri, Il Barbiere di Seviglia, La Gazza Ladra, Tancredi, Cenerentola, Guglielmo Tell, Mosè in Egitto (Zora), and Otello—Rossini; Ernani, I Due Foscari, Nabuco (Anato)—Verdi; Norma, Sonnambula, Puritani, I Capuletti e Montecchi—Bellini; Les Huguenots, Robert Le Diable, Le Prophète—Meyerbeer; Lucia di Lammermoor; L' Elisir d' Amore, Lucrezia Borgia, Anna Bolena, Maria

di Rohan, Favorite, Linda di Chamouni, I Martiri—Donizetti; Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Il Flauto Magico—Mozart; Masaniello—Auber; Il Matrimonio Segreto—Cimarosa; La Juive—Halévy; Der Freischütz—Weber; Sappho—Gounod; Fidelio—Beethoven; Faust—Spohr; and Pietro il Grande—Jullien.

Of these, three were added last season—*Faust*, *I Martiri*, and *Pietro il Grande*, all of which had a great *succès d'estime*, which, after all, is a matter of no slight importance to an establishment like the Royal Italian Opera. A contemporary has justly remarked, that the *Pietro il Grande* of M. Jullien is the only work written expressly for this theatre since its foundation in 1846; another distinction to those already enjoyed by the popular composer; and which will constitute one of his best credentials to the favour and support of an American public.

The engagements for the present season exhibit several important changes. The list of soprani gives us three singers new to this country:—Mesdemoiselles Albini and Donzelli, and Madame Medori. Of Mademoiselle Albini we know nothing. Mademoiselle Donzelli is the daughter of the renowned tenor—one of the greatest favorites who ever came to this country. If she inherit half the powers and talent of her sire, she will not come to England to no purpose. We have heard a good deal of the Signora Donzelli, who has been playing lately in several of the Italian States with great *eclat*. Our friend Doctor Bacher tells us she possesses a voice of delicious quality—that she is a chip of the old block; and is, moreover, extremely handsome and engaging. We shall welcome Mademoiselle Donzelli with open arms, even if only for the sake of her famous progenitor, who, perhaps, had the grandest, most powerful, and most exquisite tenor voice ever heard.

Madame Medori comes, with no small reputation, from St. Petersburg and Vienna. She is, as we learn, an artist of the Grisi school, and approaches nearer to the Diva in her vocal, than in her histrionic powers. Madame Medori will be welcome too.

The old names in the soprano list are Grisi, Angelina Bosio, Castellan, and Jullienne. We miss one name we would fain not see omitted from the catalogue of engagements, viz., that of Anna Zerr, who did such good work for the theatre last year. Who will the Directors now have to supply her place in the Queen of Night and Catarina?

Mademoiselle Nantier Didie is the *contralto*. She has never appeared in this country, nor has her name ever reached us in any shape, from any quarter. The prospectus declares her from the Grand Opera at Paris. We acknowledge two most useful *seconde donne* in Mesdemoiselles Cotti and Bellini.

The tenors are as powerful as ever. Mario and Tamberlik head the roll, with Stigelli, Luigi Mei, and Soldi as the old coadjutants.

The only novelty is Signor Lucchesi, announced from the La Scala, at Milan. Report speaks favorably of Signor

Lucchesi; we shall have an early opportunity of pronouncing on his merits, as he is to appear shortly.

The barytones are Ronconi, Rommi, and Belletti. Signor Belletti, who has seceded from Her Majesty's Theatre, will be a decided acquisition to the Covent Garden troupe.

The basses are as last year, with the addition of Mons. Zelger, who appeared at the Royal Italian Opera three years ago. Mons. Zelger is a steady artist of the good slow school.

The list of the orchestra does not appear, which is unusual. We are instructed, however, by the prospectus, that both "orchestra and chorus will exhibit the same high state of efficiency." This can hardly be (of the first), Master Shallow, if the report be sooth, that Piatti and Bottesini are no longer to form two in the phalanx. Pi and Bo are not easily replaced. Pi is a giant among violoncellos. Bo a mammoth among double basses.

Pi, like a lion, wields his bow;

Bo, like a demigod, his bow.

However, as the prospectus does not state that the number of the orchestra is diminished, we are not justified in surmising that it will be shorn of two of its tongues; but that the four and eighty tongues, which wagged last season in the monster's jaws, will wag again this season.

Mr. Costa still presides as director of the music, composer and conductor.

The ballet department, we are assured, is rendered more attractive than heretofore. This is good news. Of late years the ballet of the Royal Italian Opera did not reflect the highest credit on the establishment. According to the promises held out, we shall now have an opportunity of having the ballets in *Guillaume Tell*, *Masaniello*, and other grand operas done respectably at least. We confess that in the engagements for the ballet we do not spy anything which gives us implicit confidence. Not one single name of note appears in the list. Nevertheless, as *ensemble* is the principal desideratum in divertissements of grand operas, the intention of the prospectus may be carried out to the full. We may as well give the names of the ladies of the ballet. They are as follows:—Mdlle. Melina Marmet (from the *Penice* at Venice), Mdlle. Barville (from no where), Mdlle. Kolemberg (from Her Majesty's theatre), Mdlle. Teresa (we suspect from Her Majesty's theatre), Mdlle. Lerieux (we suspect from Her Majesty's theatre), and Mdlle. Mathilde Besson (from the *Academie Imperiale* at Paris), where she has been lately dancing with success. As no male name appears in the prospectus, we have hopes that the directors will dispense with gentlemen dancers altogether in the ballet. We have a horror of these masculine intruders, as we believe every honest and upright man has;

Perrot except, who did not dance at all.
Although the greatest dancer of them all.

No one cares a pin whether men dance or not, or, more properly speaking, everybody would prefer they should not dance. Were they to whirl about with the velocity of the spectres seen by Vathek in the Hall of Eblis, or jump out of sight, or commit impossibilities, even then they would excite no interest.

Moreover, they wear short jackets, and their nether shapes are invariably exposed, a thing not to be countenanced in the summer months. We are right well pleased to see Mons. Desplaces placed as ballet-master. He comes from the Academy of Paris, and is an experienced hand as well as foot. Mr. Alfred Mellon is again leader of the ballet. Good!

Of those who officiate unseen, behind the curtains, we may name Mr. A. Harris, who has returned to his old post as Director of the *mise-en-scene*. This is an improvement on last year, and we look forward to Mr. A. Harris correcting some anomalies we pointed out in *Pietro il Grande* last season. Mr. William Beverley supplies the plan; while happy to see Mr. Beverley's name in the prospectus, we grieve at missing Grieve, who, with Telbin, has, from the beginning, carried the scenic department on his shoulders. Signor Panizzi (from the *Scala at Milan*) is *Maestro al piano*; Signor Monterani, prompter, and Signor Maggioni, the poet. So much for the statistics of the Royal Italian Opera for the year current.

The season commences to-night with *Masaniello*, in which Tamberlik, Formes and Madame Castellani sustain their original parts; that is, it was to commence to-night; but, as we are now writing last night, some change may interfere betwixt the twilights, which may give the lie to our announcement. Therefore, we repeat, the theatre opens to-night with *Masaniello*, that is, supposing it does open to-night with that opera. See the inconvenience of writing an article last night which addresses the public to-day!

To conclude, let us express our entire confidence, that the Royal Italian Opera, under its present management, will sustain its ancient and well-won representation.

MR. BEALE, A CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES.

The indefatigable *ex-impresario* of the Royal Italian Opera, and *ex-director* of the new Philharmonic Concerts, has addressed two letters to the *Times*, which we hasten to reproduce. The first denies the fact of his having originated the opposition Philharmonic Society, which is a fact for all that. The second denies nothing; but asserts much in respect of music, its influence, and its claims, with all of which we fully concur.

"SIR,—I beg to correct an error in your article on the "New Philharmonic Society" in the *Times* of yesterday. I was not the originator of the Society; it was at the invitation of Dr. Wylde that Mr. Peto, Mr. Brassey, Sir Charles Fox, and I consented to take the joint responsibility of the direction. I have seceded from the management, which principally devolved upon me last season, owing to a difference of opinion respecting the appointment of M. Hector Berlioz as conductor.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"201, Regent Street, March 19."

"T. F. BEALE."

"SIR,—In reflecting on the munificent grants voted by Parliament for the encouragement and protection of the arts in this country, it is with surprise and mortification I learn that none—the smallest portion—of the amount is to be devoted to music, an art which is essentially involved in our social enjoyments, and to whose aid many of the most important institutions of the country

are indebted for their very existence, and the art with which, above all, the divine service of our church is more immediately concerned. An opinion prevails that music is sufficiently cultivated and patronised in England. This is a fallacy; for, while it may be admitted that no art is more popular in its cultivation, it must be affirmed that no art is estimated at a lower standard of excellence. In late years there has been a surprising increase in the number of those who give and receive instruction in music, and, though the amount of cultivation is greater at the present day, yet the relative standard of excellence was of a higher character in the 16th and 17th centuries.

"In reference to the sister arts, music held the highest position during the reign of Elizabeth, when it was studied and exercised by all who had any claim to a liberal education. The madrigals and church services of that period attest the truth of this position. In those days music could not have been perversely ignored by a commission of fine arts. It is to be lamented that by some among the learned, the polite, and those who are esteemed admirers of art, music is now held in no higher estimation than as a pastime for young ladies, or an amusement at public promenades and military spectacles; by others, its chief mission is appointed to sway the ball room, or, at most, to impart a pleasing excitement at the opera; while many suppose it to have attained its highest aim when it is made to suffer the odious degradation of administering to the sensual indulgences of the dinner table. Can it, then, be a matter of surprise that music has no representative at the assemblies of art, literature and science; that its professors should be patronised, by sufferance, at the mansions of the great, or contemptuously neglected?

"It is notorious that popular vocalists are enriched with palaces and princely fortunes, while composers of the highest abilities can barely find the necessaries of life. In a country where the executive is so extravagantly rewarded and the inventive so deplorably neglected, true intelligence in art does not abide. Great singers and performers may be rare, but how much more rare are great composers! The almost unsurmountable difficulties of the art may be justly conceived in the reflection that music is a universal language, and that among the vast number who have studied it in all ages and in all climes, those who have earned immortality by it are so few that they may be reckoned with the fingers of your hand. Now, Sir, let us take any educated class of men, statesmen, authors, bankers, merchants—and out of an assemblage of 500 we shall not find one acquainted even with the rudiments of music. It is idle to talk to them of the higher excellencies of the art of construction, form, proportion, contrast, expression, and colour. It is not beyond truth to assert, that much that should be open to the wealthier classes in the way of intellectual enjoyment is now a sealed book. Is it not owing to the ignorance of the clergy that the music in our churches, with very few exceptions, is so inefficient and contemptible that this portion of the devotional service is pronounced a mockery, and must, to all who have ears to hear, cast an atmosphere of vulgarity and ridicule over our divine liturgy? By education, and by raising the standard of the art, these inconsistencies and evils will be remedied. For this purpose, we have a right to claim for music some portion of the funds voted by Government for the advancement of art. Let there be endowed at the great Universities professorships; and let the chairs be filled by able men, who shall impart gratuitous instruction to the clergy. Let such funds be devoted to the Royal

Academy of Music, that this institution may be placed on an appropriate footing, that it shall no longer continue a reproach to the country, but be an example to all other academies in Europe. It is the worst; it ought to be the best. Let there be prizes instituted for the best compositions in the highest departments of the art, and let there be some assistance given towards the establishing a national opera; the want of such an undertaking is a disgrace to a country having any pretence to the encouragement of music.

"We wish to hear no more talk of the sister arts from those who advocate the grant of money for their advancement, and deny any portion of the sum to music; by them she is to be treated as Cinderella in the fairy-tale. But I trust, Sir, you will play the part of the prince in the story, and place her in the position she truly merits. Without your aid her claim will be disregarded, for amid the great and varied talent of the press, two other journals, one of which is a weekly publication, are the only papers which can be read with any advantage, and yours is the only one that can be quoted with any authority upon music. I therefore implore your help to obtain justice for an art with which I have had the happiness to be constantly associated, and which I, in common with others who have studied its high application, feel to be unjustly repudiated by 'the Royal Commission of Fine Arts.'"

"201, Regent Street."

"T. F. BEALE."

IT IS REPORTED, that the editor of the *Yankee Musical World and Times* has been sent to a lunatic asylum. The cause of his mental derangement is not stated. The judges, it appears, were about to dismiss the case, when, unfortunately for the editor, a recent copy of his paper was produced, and an article taken from a contemporary pointed out, which article was fairly and properly credited to the journal in which it originally appeared. This caused the examiner to decide adversely to the patient, inasmuch as the said editor was well known to be incapable of exhibiting such a trait of honesty and courtesy when in his natural state of mind.—*New York Musical World and Times*.

Foreign.

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The *reprise* of the *Barbieri* at the *Italiens*—introducing the two new candidates for popularity, Madame De La Grange, *alias*, La Grange, or simply, Lagrange, and Signor Napoleone Rossi—drew a distinguished audience on Saturday. Rumour in general, and the English journals in particular, had prepared the visitors to the *Salle Ventadour* to expect something very extraordinary in Madame La Grange. Nor were they disappointed in the least. It was universally allowed that Madame La Grange was an extraordinary singer, but a strong difference of opinion existed as to whether she was a vocalist of the first rank. Madame La Grange certainly astonished and electrified the audience on several occasions, and created what might be termed a *furor*, but she failed to satisfy certain musical hypercritics, or to come up to the fullest expectations of those who trusted to newspapers and reports. Madame La Grange did not satisfy many in her version of the "Una voce." The melody was absolutely "smothered" in broderies, embellishments, and vocal pyrotechnics. Rossini himself must have strained his hearing to have recognised his own air—so beautiful and simple, if it could only escape disfigurement. Nor were all pleased with the ornaments introduced into the duet, "Dunque io son," which were found misplaced and not quite

rossinian. The *morceau* introduced in the lesson scene, however, was an immense hit. In the Hungarian air with variations—heard so frequently in London—Madame La Grange fairly took the house by storm. Her singing was really marvellous; and whatever difference of opinion might have existed as to the fair *debutante's* claims to be considered a great interpreter of Rossini's music, every one agreed as to her astonishing powers in executing music not written for the voice. Her execution of the variations would really have proved a display of no ordinary kind for a violin performance. I need not particularize the vocal and histrionic capabilities of Madame De La Grange. Your readers have been informed of that already from your better pen. I only wish to give you a notion of the effect produced by Madame De La Grange on the Parisian public. She is not a Persiani, nor a Cruvelli, but with her curious style and almost unprecedented powers, she can hardly fail to enlist a part of the public in her cause.

I was somewhat disappointed with Napoleone Rossi. I could not for the life of me help contrasting him with Lablache, whose Bartolo was perhaps his most famous part. I am informed by those better versed than your correspondent in such matters, that Napoleone Rossi's version of the character of Doctor Bartolo is more in consonance with the intentions of Beaumarchais. Very like. I prefer Lablache's mistakes. Napoleone Rossi has a good deal of natural humour—rather dry, perhaps, than oily—and his acting is clever and intelligent. His voice is not large nor powerful, but he vocalizes well. Napoleone Rossi had a great reputation some years ago in Italy as a serious actor, but having lost a few of the upper notes of his voice, he transferred himself to buffo singing. He will certainly prove an acquisition to the Italian stage, since Lablache and Tamburini may now be said to have passed from the scene of all their glories; and I have no doubt he would be found a useful member in your London Royal Italian Opera, where you are sadly in want of a good buffo to back up the inimitable Ronconi.

Belletti was the Figaro and sang the music capitally. A little dash of humour and a slight sprinkling of fun would tend materially to enhance the performance.

Matilda di Shabran—An early work of Rossini, and by no means one of his best—is announced for Madame La Grange.

NANTES.—(From our own Correspondent.)—March 24th. On Saturday Vieuxtemps was engaged by Monsieur Guerin to give a second concert, which met with the most decided success. The following was the programme:

PART I.

1. Ouverture du *Songe d'une Nuit d'été*.
2. *Jerusalem*, fantaisie sur des thèmes de Verdi, composée et exécutée par H. Vieuxtemps.
3. Grand air de *Don Sebastien*, chantée par M. Flachat.
4. Air varié original, composé et exécuté par H. Vieuxtemps.
5. La pastorale du *Prophète*, chantée par M. Lapierre.

PART II.

1. Ouverture a grand orchestre.
2. Reverie Adagio, } composées et exécutées par H. Vieux-
Etude de concert, } temps.
3. Air chante par Mme. de Courcelles.
4. Duo de la *Reine de Chypre*, chantées par MM. Flachat et Lapierre.
5. *Les Sorcieres*, variations fantastiques de PAGANINI, exécutées par H. Vieuxtemps.

I never heard Vieuxtemps play better, his execution was at times astonishing. His "fantaisie sur des thèmes de Verdi" was brilliant in the extreme and met with well-merited and universal approbation. After the "variations fantastiques de Paganini" which was the last piece advertised to be played, the pit rose en masse demanding "The Carnival de Venise"

which Vieuxtemps instantly responded to and played that popular fantasia with an expression of feeling which made it the triumph of the evening. Flachet and Lapierre were in excellent voice and sung the well-known duo from the *Reine de Chypre* with faultless precision and feeling, and were vehemently applauded. Madame de Courcelles sang a romance with exquisite taste; added to a voice of much power this lady has a method of singing which is always pleasing. The concert throughout gave the greatest satisfaction, and the house was crowded in every part.

ON THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE BACH SOCIETY IN LEIPSIK.

By G. A. MACFARREN.

(From the Music Publishers' Circular.)

(Continued from page 192.)

No. III.

"Ach Gott, wie manches Herzeleid," the third Cantata, is for the second Sunday after Epiphany. The orchestra consists of a first and second oboe d'amore (apparently the same instrument as the oboe now in use), the quartet of string instruments, together with the organ, and the trombone (in unison with the bass voice only) in the Choruses.

The opening adagio is upon the plan of the opening Chorus of the first Cantata. The Corale is given as Canto Fermo to the bass voices, and the phrase that prevails throughout, sometimes as counterpoint, sometimes as alternative to this, indicates an intention of pathos in the expression.

The succeeding movement is one of singular construction, and admirably calculated for effect. The Corale is given in plain counterpoint by the voice, without accompanying instruments, excepting only a part for Continuo, that moves in a regular, unbroken figure; and the several strains of this Corale are divided by a free Recitative for a different single part of the choir, but still for chorus, not for solo, between each strain. In this design I find a dramatic purpose, apart from the systematic application of contrapuntal figures and imitative contrivances that is, to me, far more indicative of the true feeling of an artist than a whole life's labour of what is mere, however masterly, conventionalism; it is admirable in itself, and it might, I think, be repeated in a modern work without plagiarism, and with, perhaps, equally good effect.

Then follows an Aria for bass, "Empfind ich Höllenausgust und Pein," which has no accompaniment, but only the Continuo; and this having, contrary to custom, no figures to indicate the harmony, but, as in the original manuscript, nor in the copied organ parts, is there to be found figuring for the whole Cantata beyond the beginning of the first Chorus. It is possible that this movement, like those songs of Handel which we have the habit to hear performed in a manner equally incomplete and ineffective, was intended to comprise more than the duet for voice and bass that is here presented.

Next we have a Recitative for tenor, which is followed by a Duet for soprano and contralto, "Wann Sorgen auf mich dringen," with an accompaniment for the two oboes and the violins in unison, constituting, together with the bass, a virtual Quartet of four real parts, which are most ingeniously woven into a mesh of imitative counterpoint, that is as intricate to disentangle by an auditor, almost, as it is as difficult to execute.

The final Corale presents the same discrepancies between

effect and intention that characterise all the passages of chromatic harmony in plain counterpoint in the volume under consideration.

No. IV.

This Cantata is for Easter. It is founded on the Corale, "Christ lag in Todesbande." It differs entirely from all the others of the series as to its construction, and the manner in which the ideas, or the one constantly prevailing idea, is developed. The original Corale is employed as the chief, indeed the only theme of every one of the seven movements; and thus it exemplifies the almost infinite resources of music, showing that a melody, so to speak, of twelve bars, may be extended, with very great variety, into a work of, at least, half-an-hour's duration.

The Cantata opens with a short Sinfonia for string instruments, in the course of which the first strain of the Corale is announced. This is a beautiful piece of harmony, and not only one of the purest, but, to my appreciation, one of the most effective movements in the entire series.

The first verse of the hymn is comprised in a choral movement of, more or less, the same construction as the first movements of all the Cantatas; but the counterpoint to the Corale is not composed of such definite and independent phraseology as in most of the other examples. Occasionally, as in some other cases, a phrase of the Corale itself in shorter notes, is employed as counterpoint, and sometimes a phrase of it is introduced as interlude between two strains of the Canto Fermo. At the end of the movement, however, where the "Hallelujah," that forms the last strain of every verse, is introduced, the slow measures of the Corale is abandoned, and, not only in shorter notes, but with the time divided into Alla Breve; the last phrase is subjected to the closest elaboration in all the voices. There is an evident design of verbal expression throughout this Chorus which is very curious to trace: for example, the rendering of the final "Hallelujah," and the florid passage on the word "fröhlich;" but in this I feel contrivance not geniality—the intentional application of conventionalisms, not the natural outpouring of spontaneous conceptions.

The second verse is, I conclude, also for chorus, but includes only soprano and alto voices, which are doubled throughout by the cornet and alto trombone, and accompanied by a bass that moves after the manner Handel has most successfully made familiar to us, in a ceaseless figure throughout. Here, by ingenious artifices, the Corale is so turned as to assume an entirely different character, and, by its variety of treatment, to produce an entirely different effect from that given to it in the first Chorus.

The third verse is apparently for tenor solo. The voice has the Corale in its original simple form, accompanied by a constantly moving figure in unison, which, too, with the bass, complete the score.

"Versus four" is after the manner of the first movement, except that it is for voices without orchestra, the Continuo having, with slight modifications, to double the voice-parts. The Corale is given as Canto Fermo to the alto.

The fifth verse has the Corale changed into three-four measure, and, with some other modifications, given as an Aria for bass, accompanied by the string orchestra.

"Versus six," is a florid Duet for soprano and tenor with an independent moving bass, in which again the one and constant theme appears diversified by the interspersions of several divisions of triplets for the voices.

The final Corale comprises the seventh and last verse of the

hymn, and is, as in every case, a piece of simple harmony of, for the most part, note against note.

Thus concludes one of the most remarkable compositions for showing the extent of musical resources that has come within my experience. The celebrated Art of Fugue of the same composer, is another wonderful instance of the almost infinitely various treatment to which the same theme may be subjected; but this is even more curious, if perhaps less profound than that, since it presents no less versatility of, so to speak, expression than of contrapuntal elaboration of fugal development; whereas, the Art of Fugue, being for the organ alone, affords not scope for the exercise of this province of the composer's art; what may be the merit of this, however varied expression, and to what extent of the poetry of music may be embodied in it comes under a different consideration. I only advance that the technical conventionalities of musical illustration of sentiment are here brought to bear in every available variety, and with the utmost possible ingenuity: who wish to know further must examine the work and judge for themselves, each according to his especial temperament.

No. V.

This Cantata, "Wo soll ich fliehen hin," is for the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The opening Chorus is in the contrapuntal style of most of the others, having the Canto Fermo in the soprano part, and the first notes of the Corale in one-fourth of the original measure for the phrase used principally as counterpoint against the whole.

After a bass Recitative, we have an Aria, for tenor, "Ergiesse dich reichlich du göttliche Quelle," which is remarkable for the obligato viola accompaniment that is, for the time, singularly characterised by many of what have been esteemed essentially modern passages for the instrument, such as arpeggios up and down, across three strings, &c. The editor doubts whether, from the circumstance of this part being copied in the book of the first violin, and from its never going below the compass of the violin, it may not have been intended for this instrument; it is more probable, since the passages, not only for the concertante violin, but also for the ripieno, are of much more extended compass, reaching constantly to D on the first string, and occasionally to the E above it, that this solo part was intended for the viola, but that the principal violinist was to execute it.

Now we have a somewhat singular movement in which a very good effect is not unsuccessfully aimed at. It is a Recitative in time, "Mein traurer Heiland trostet mich," for contralto, through which the several strains of the Corale are, at irregular periods, played by the oboe. How far this may be designed as an illustration of the words, the ancient hymn-tune with the bright plaintive tone of the solo instrument presenting the mental image of our Saviour's consolation, I leave to others to consider; the effect is dramatic, and, except for some examples of false relation that are far more remarkable than agreeable, it is produced with a master's fluency.

The bass air, "Verstumme, Hollenheer," has an obligato accompaniment for a B flat trumpet, which is written up to the C above the staff, without any apparent consciousness of the difficulty that now exists of articulating the notes in the extreme of the instrument's compass. Unlike the other songs with accompaniments for a solo instrument that have been described, this Air has also the accompaniment of the complete string orchestra. Even in those pieces which may be called trios for the voice, the obligato instrument and the bass, from the ceaseless continuity of the obligato part, and from the

particular structure of the passages, the organ is not so entirely indispensable as in the many songs of Handel that it is the absurd custom of our time to perform with the omission of this essential part of the original intention; but, in this Air, and in some others in the collection, the harmony is so fully comprised in the score, that, though the performance would be incomplete, the effect would not be unsatisfactory without the organ.

A short Recitative for soprano, and the usual final Corale conclude this Cantata.

No. VI.

"Bleib bei uns, denn es will Abend werden," is another Cantata for the festival of Easter. It is, in the important feature of the first chorus, different in plan from all the other works of the present collection, and it is entirely different in style, in true musical expression, and in interest, to a modern musician. There are some important varieties from the general model in the subsequent portions of the work, and there is indeed every indication, either, that the composer was in a most unwonted humour throughout the process of its production, or that, with a special purpose, he designed to present to his audience an entirely different series of effects from what he had the habit to lay before them, and thus, for once, exercised his imagination, rather than his skill, giving license to the thoughts nature had generated in his heart, instead of restricting himself within the rules that art had implanted in his mind.

The words of the first chorus are not, as throughout the whole of the rest of the collection, in rhyming verse; and this presents a powerful answer to those who argue for the necessity of this form of literary composition to musical purposes; since the present movement is the most rhythmical, and by very far the most melodious, the most tuneful—in fact, the most natural, and therefore, the most musical of any that have been yet described; and these are especially the characteristics of which it is pretended that rhyming, as the most obviously rhythmical verse, is an indispensable exigency. The truly plaintive, and indeed, poetical expression of the long slow movement in three-four measure is to be admired for its beauty, no less than for its rarity; and when we observe that the melody which embodies this, is supported by harmony of unusual purity, and some successful anticipations of the modern principle of instrumentation, we may wonder no less at this singular departure from his accustomed habit of so greatly practised a writer, than admire the result. As an example of the style of the orchestral distribution, so unlike, in the present movement, to that which characterises the whole volume, may be cited the opening passage, where the chief melody with its accompanying harmony, is allotted to the two oboes—the oboe di caccia, and the bass; while the violins and the viola have to reiterate in unison the fifth of the key during a long continued phrase. It is no little matter of surprise that Bach's enormous power of continuity, the chief merit of very many of his compositions, should be turned to the smallest possible account in this movement, which consists, of but one, certainly long succession of phrases, that is repeated several times with little modification beyond the change of key, and without any of those occasional breaks in the regularity of the rhythm, which redouble the value of this, and enhance a thousand-fold the interest of a lengthened musical composition. There is an important episode, for which we have a change to common time, that consists of a closely-worked fugue, upon two subjects, the first to the words, "Denn es will Abend

werden," the second, to the continuous phrase, "Und der Tag hat sich geneiget;" while at various periods throughout, one or another part has to exclaim in slow repetitions of a note, "Bleib bei uns," with admirably dramatic and surely prominent effect. Throughout this also, the arrangement of the score evinces much greater disposition for orchestral colouring than is to be found in other of the works of this collection; such, for example, as the beginning with the voices and organ, without the orchestral instruments, the subsequent entry of these, and, finally, the continuation of the fugue elaboration with the instruments, while the voices have to sustain, in several different octaves, a dominant pedal. At the conclusion of the fugue, which, by contact with what surrounds it, must produce a greater effect than the majority of the elaborated movements in the volume, we have a return to the three-four measure, with a recapitulation of the matter we have before had so much occasion to admire, and thus, without any such development of the ideas, as one would naturally have supposed that it was especially the characteristic of Bach's elaborative habit to induce, and which is the chief advantage that modern music owes to its authors' study of the contrapuntal style, the beautiful and masterly first chorus concludes.

We have next an Aria for contralto, "Hochgelobter Gottessohn," with an obligato accompaniment for the oboe di caccia; and this, like all the solo parts for this voice throughout the book, is, from the unreserved employment of the high E flat, the fourth space of the treble staff, obviously written for the female, or possibly, the boy's contralto voice—not, like many of the contemporary songs of Handel, for the man's counter-tenor.

(To be continued.)

Original Correspondence.

THE ORGAN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your number for July 24, 1852, contained an editorial article in which you stated "The rapidly growing importance of the organ, as an instrument for executive display of the highest class, the large amount of amelioration in its structure now coming to light here and on the continent; and the constantly increasing attention directed by a large section of professors, as well to the "King of Instruments" itself, as to the quantity of noble music of old made and now still making especially for its use, seem to bespeak for it, and all belonging to it, a somewhat prominent place in a journal devoted to music." (Certes, a most fit preamble.) You go on to say, "The proprietors of the *Musical World* have much pleasure in informing their subscribers that they have succeeded in securing for this department the services of a gentleman probably second to none in Europe in his practical acquaintance with the structural and exhibitive qualities of the organ. His office will be to record, describe, and critically examine every professed improvement, mechanical and acoustical, made in the instrument, in this country or elsewhere. Every new instrument of sufficient importance, either as to size or peculiarity of arrangement, will be personally inspected and fully reported on," &c. &c. May I be permitted to ask, Sir, what has become of this promise, for the fulfillment of which not myself only, but doubtless all admirers of the organ (who are legion) have been anxiously looking.

After waiting in patient expectation for eight months, I trust the enquiry will not be deemed presumptuous.

It is some satisfaction to know that the public are likely to be favoured with a really good book on the organ, from the experienced hands of Mr. E. J. Hopkins (Temple) and Dr. Rimbault, which will truly supply a great deficiency in the musical literature of

England. Still, this will not supersede the interest nor the utility of such contemporary notices as were promised in the article herein referred to.

The pages of the *Musical World* could not be devoted to a more legitimate subject, and as the editorial *bona fides* is now at stake, I will not permit myself to doubt that the present reminder will lead to its vindication in the present instance.

The construction at this time of two important works (for the Panopticon, and St. George's Hall, Liverpool) affords most suitable matter for comment, on account of the novelties and refinements of art they will present. With this hint, I will conclude,

And am, Sir, yours obediently,

March 29, 1853.

SIGMA.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have again to-day read accounts of the Royal Academy of Music. Could you tell me what this society consists of, where it is, what are its objects, and how any one could become a member of it?

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

Saturday, March 26, 1853.

[Can any of our readers give us any information about such an institution as that, if such there be, about which our correspondent is inquisitor?—Ed.]

MISS SUSAN GODDARD.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

28th February, 1853.

SIR,—Will you have the kindness to correct an error which appeared in your publication of this week?

I refer to Miss Susan Goddard's soirée of the 11th instant. That talented young lady is, and has been for some time, a pupil of Mr. Benedict, not of Mr. Aspull, as you stated; she might have been under him previously, but of that I am not informed.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

[The above would have appeared before, but was mislaid.—Ed.]

HAYDN'S CREATION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—On Wednesday last I assisted, as the French have it, at a most gratifying performance, by the *Wednesbury Musical Institute*, of Haydn's sublime oratorio and *chef d'œuvre*, the *Creation*. The band and chorus, composed of, nearly all, local talent, performed their work well, redounding great praise to the judicious training of Mr. B. Woodward, the conductor of the Society. Upon a small scale, and in such a manufacturing district, with few musical advantages, I was agreeably surprised and astonished at the manner in which this difficult music was executed. It certainly was not perfection, but creditable to all parties concerned in the highest degree. The solo parts and concerted music were artistically rendered by Mrs. Bull, R.A.M., of the Birmingham Town Hall Concerts; Miss Timmins, R.A.M., Mr. S. Pearsall, of Liebfeld Cathedral; and Mr. J. A. Baker, from the Conservatorium, Leipzig. Mr. Shargool, of Birmingham, led with his accustomed ability and precision. Mr. Stockley, of Birmingham, was very efficient as principal second violin. Mr. Bull, R.A.M., equally so as principal *contra basso*; and Mr. Moreton, the veteran drummer, of Birmingham, discharged his duties most satisfactorily. A word of praise I must also award to a Mr. Howe, of Darlaston, a young trumpeter of great promise. The Parish Church School-room was crowded by a highly-respectable and attentive audience; and I trust the present success of the society will encourage them to more strenuous efforts to deserve the public patronage and support.

I am, dear Sir, sincerely,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Birmingham, March 31, 1853.

"BENEDICITE OMNIA OPERA."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MR DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to find some one has, through your powerful medium, at last challenged the attention of the musical community to this subject, and trust it may be the means of the hymn being more frequently heard in our Church Services than it hitherto has been. Should this be the result of your correspondent, Mr. Charles Hale's inquiries, and it should lead to a *proper introduction and performance* of the hymn in question, the thanks of the whole church will be his due; but most certainly not, if Mr. Hale insists upon the introduction of Mr. Hollis' "*most beautiful chant*" at the same time. *En passant*, permit me to inquire, is Mr. Hale a musical man? Most truly for the sake of church music, I should hope not! We have already a host of musical effusions, or rather *confusions*, in our church, that ought never to have been admitted beyond the outside door.

There is no lack of good sound church music, and consequently no justifiable occasion to introduce that which belongs not to the Church! In the mania for "congregational singing," the fact has unfortunately been overlooked that it would be just as easy—and how much more solemnly effective?—for congregations to sing psalm tunes and chants consistent with the dignified character of our beautiful Church Service, as the trash some zealous individuals have imported from other sources. The *grand fugal tunes*, with occasional *pretty* bits of solos for the various voices, and the almost never-ending repetition of the words, and struggling to "*make both ends meet*," might easily be dispensed with in our Church Service, and most fervently do I hope, in common, I believe, with many *true* lovers of *real* Church music, that ere long they will, *en masse*, be banished to their proper spheres. I must apologise, Mr. Editor, for so long a digression from my original *Thema*, but Church music is a subject that has occupied my attention for many years, and in my connection with it I have, to the best of my ability, endeavoured to keep it in harmony with the other portions of the service. With your kind permission, therefore, I may return to this point at a future time, and will now confine my remarks to the matter in question.

I am sure Mr. Hale is a zealous friend of the Church, or he would not have been so anxious to obtain the information that has been so courteously afforded him by various gentlemen in your columns; but how he could be so fascinated with Mr. Hollis' "*most beautiful chant*," I cannot imagine, and right sorry am I to find he has been successful in introducing it into another Church, not from any ill will either to the "*chant*" or the author, whom I know well, and respect as a gentleman and musical amateur most highly, but simply because it is *not* Church music, *neither* is it a *chant* at all! Does Mr. Hale remember an old English tune called "*Four-and-twenty fiddlers, all of a row*?" The "*chant*" in question has a most mysteriously striking resemblance to that brilliant production of somebody's brain; therefore I think Mr. Hale will at once agree with me, that such strains are not calculated to elevate the tone of our Church music. Thus much for Mr. Hollis's music. Now a word or two upon the use (or *abuse*) that gentleman has made of the text. I am aware that the "*Benedicite*" has always been judged too long to be used in its original rubrical form, therefore has Mr. Hollis composed and arranged this portion of the Liturgy (as his title-page announces) to accommodate the difficulty. He accomplishes this by at once boldly throwing the rubrical form overboard, and *shortens* the hymn by the ingenious and novel contrivance of *omitting* portions of some verses, and *repeating* portions of others. This ought not to be allowed with *any* portion of our beautiful Liturgy. No liberties of the kind ought to be taken with the sacred text, especially as it is very easy to arrange it *without omissions or repetitions*, and yet render it *shorter* even than Mr. Hollis's arrangement by a great deal, and at the same time available to be sung to *any* chant, which Mr. Hale at present thinks next to an impossibility. With your permission, Mr. Editor, and if it would not take up too much of your valuable room, I should be happy to forward you the hymn, or a portion of it, arranged as above stated, so that your readers might judge between the two arrangements; or, I should feel

great pleasure in sending a copy to Mr. Hale for his own private use. I trust neither Mr. Hale nor Mr. Hollis will misconstrue my remarks upon this subject as a personal attack upon either of them. I sincerely assure them I have only written as a Churchman, anxious for the good of our beautiful service, and one desirous to see and hear it performed consistently and efficiently everywhere, which is, in my opinion, the duty of every Churchman throughout the land.

Believe, me, my dear Sir,

Yours ever faithfully,

AN ORGANIST.

Birmingham, March 31st, 1853.

Dramatic.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. Mitchell, the indefatigable impresario of this favourite theatre, resumes his reign on Monday evening. During the Easter week Robert Houdin, the Prestidigitateur, has been attracting excellent audiences. The French Plays will open with, for the first time, *Les Philosophes de 20 Ans*, after which, *Les Extrêmes se Touchent*, followed by *L'image*, and concluding with *Le Capitaine Roquinfette*; M. Lafont and Mlle. Page are the principal artistes.

EASTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

We have, in the course of a pretty long life, met with as many difficulties as, we believe, usually fall to the lot of mortals: we have, for instance, been obliged to sit out a German dinner, and, what is more, been expected to partake of all the delicacies which compose it, including *Sauerkraut*, bad oysters, and raw herring; we have been called upon to sing a comic song; we have been asked by "Fast Men" to vote Shakspeare slow; we have been under the necessity of pretending to believe that the wine we got at the house of a respected friend residing near Clapham, was not so (although so-so); and we have had to meet a bill; what man has not? unless indeed he got out of its way by retiring to the quiet town of Boulogne. By-the-bye, talking of bills, we know many persons who are ready enough to *back* them, but we are acquainted with very few who are so ready to face them. There is another remarkable fact, too, connected with bills, and that is, that on their becoming *due*, it is not they who evaporate but generally the acceptor or drawer, in the manner mentioned in the preceding paragraph. We are wandering however, from our subject, which related to the difficulties we had been placed in at various periods of our existence. Some of these we have mentioned, but we solemnly declare that none of them can equal the one in which we now find ourselves. We are simply expected to give, in the space of about a couple of columns, a detailed account of all the plots, of all the pieces, at all the theatres, all over the metropolis, during all the present week. It is all very well for the highly respected editor of the MUSICAL WORLD to take a just and pardonable pride (we forgive him) in the fulness and excellence of the dramatic criticisms that appear in his paper. It is all very well too, for his intelligent readers, to be able, on expending the small sum of three-pence—or fourpence for a stamped copy—to enjoy, thanks to our vivid style, every single novelty as much as if they had been present at its representation. But we declare that, in the present instance, the thing cannot be done. It is impossible. If we were to attempt giving a full and circumstantial account of every act and every scene in every novelty produced during this present week, our pen, unlike that of the old Spanish author, would never last till we got to the end of our work; so that, as it is impossible at the hour we are

writing to purchase another, from the fact of all the shops being shut up, we should be shut up too, or, like a certain celebrated steamer, lately, be suddenly stopped short without the least chance of proceeding farther. This being the case, we have determined to give merely a sort of *catalogue raisonné*, short and, of course, pithy; and, in fact, a sort of Guide to the Dramatic Stranger in London during Easter week, and as many weeks after as the performances may remain unchanged. It will not contain much more, we confess, than the titles of the various pieces, and, as we before observed, will not give a detailed account of each act. But we do not despair of its passing muster with a great many people in despite of this trifling circumstance, for experience has taught us that in England empty titles often supply the place of acts. To begin, then, with the Theatre Royal,

DRURY LANE. Lot 1. *Lady of Lyons*. A very excellent piece, well-known to all dramatic connoisseurs. Rather old, but still in good condition, and much approved of by the public. Very well played by all concerned, especially by Mr. C. Selby, whose impersonation of General Damas is worthy of great praise, as a fine artistic delineation of the tetchy but good-hearted, jovial old soldier. We never saw the character properly dressed before. Mr. C. Selby seemed to have just stepped out of one of Tony Johannot's or A. Schaveffer's illustrations of the men and manners of the first Revolution. Called on very deservedly, as were also Mr. Davenport and Miss Vining at the fall of the curtain.

Lot 2. Mr. R. Sands, the gentleman who walks on his head; the difference between Mr. Sands and other gentlemen who also walk on their heads, being that Mr. Sands's head rests on nothing. Mr. Sands is confident that his feat will set the sealing proof on his reputation.

Lot 3. Grand Burlesque, entitled *King Richard Cœur de Lion and the Knight of the Couchant Leopard*. Well written, witty, liberally got up, in regard to dresses and scenery, and highly successful, in spite of the great drawback of Miss P. Horton, who played Sir Kenneth of Scotland, being so hoarse as not to be able to sing a single song. Improves greatly on acquaintance. Mr. C. Selby again distinguished himself; as the Lion-hearted Monarch, he was warmly and deservedly applauded. We may as well include in this Lot, *L'Artiste de Terracina*, of which we cannot say much,—we mean, of which we cannot say anything, as we did not stop to see it.

Lot 4. (ADELPHI.) *Webster at Home; or Adelphi Fare of Three Courses and a Desert*. A very pretty fancy article, of slight materials, but exceedingly well put together. Highly approved of.

Lot 5. *A Novel Expedient*. A pretty trifle, serving as an admirable medium to bring out the talent of Mr. Leigh Murray and Miss Woolgar.

Lot 6. *To Parents and Guardians*. Too well known to need description.

Lot 7. *The Pretty Girls of Stilberg*. Ditto.

Lot 8. *Pepino and his Monkey*.

Lot 9. (HAYMARKET.) *The Rivals*.

Lot 10. Mr. Buckstone's *Ascent of Mount Parnassus*. A most gratifying specimen of the veteran Planché's powers. Nicely constructed and very brilliant,—nearly as brilliant, indeed, as the audiences that it attracts every night. The scenery, dresses, and acting first-rate. We may safely affirm that Mr. Buckstone has got a good mount, which will carry him a very long way on the road towards the end of the season.

Lot 11. *The Two Queens*. Requires no description.

Lot 12. (PRINCESS'S.) *Macbeth*. (From the pen of W. Shakespeare, Esq.)

Lot 13. *Marco Spada. The Brigand*, a little changed in form, in the same manner as a gutta-percha face may be so altered as to be rendered almost unrecognisable, except by connoisseurs. Scenery and dresses very fine. Successful.

Lot 14. (OLYMPIC.) *Salvatori; or the Bandit's Daughter*. Second gutta-percha edition of the *Brigand*, only pulled in another fashion. Well done. Scenery deserving of great commendation. Mr. H. Marston (a valuable accession to the theatre) excellent as Salvatori.

Lot 15. *Catching an Heiress*. Old, but serving to bring forward Mr. F. Robson, who is most assuredly destined to become as popular as he is clever, which is—very!

Lot 16. *The Dumb Recruit*.

Lot 17. (SURREY.) A grand spectacle, entitled *The Spirits of the Night; or, the Legend of the Lake*. Gave immense satisfaction to a densely crowded house. Story highly interesting, and presented in a very dramatic manner. Style, terse and forcible, and does great credit to the author, W. R. Markwell, Esq. Will have a run.

Lot 18. *Our Nelly*. Did not see her. Went away before she honoured the theatre with her appearance.

Lot 19. (STRAND.) *Love in a Village*, not new nor particularly striking, but exceedingly well got up.

Lot 20. *The Invincibles*. Young ladies in male attire always create a sensation. Did so in the present instance. Audience went away greatly pleased.

We have now noticed most of the principal theatres. We really had not time to go to *Sadler's Wells*, or *Astley's*, or the *Marylebone*, or—one or two others. We have also omitted the *Lyceum* from our list, *et pour cause*. We were not going to run the risk of being gibbeted in Mr. C. Mathews' playbills for the next six months, because that gentleman might resent our daring to criticise his new drama in what he might possibly consider a flippant manner. We are aware what a terrific antagonist he is, and we have, therefore, thought that the best thing we could do would be to extract the criticism of our Leviathanic contemporary the *Times*, and thus avoid any chance of drawing down Mr. C. Mathews' vengeance on our head. We beg to subjoin the criticism in question.

LYCEUM.—The Easter piece at this theatre was neither a burlesque nor a fairy tale, but what, after French leave, is entitled a "drama." The *Chain of Events*, in seven acts, which was brought out on a similar occasion in 1852, may be supposed to have prepared the *habitués* for the "dramatic tale in nine chapters," which, under the title of *A Strange Story*, formed the exclusive entertainment. Although the names of the authors, (we say, authors, since it is hardly to be supposed that one author could produce nine acts, all out of the store of his unaided imagination), were neither announced in the bills of the evening, nor revealed to the audience at the end of the performance, there are cogent reasons for presuming that Messrs. Charles Mathews and Slingsby Lawrence are quite as much participants in the concoction of *A Strange Story* as in that of *A Chain of Events*. There is, indeed, strong evidence of the same parentage; while, on the other hand, it is probable that the "caterers" for the lower *boulevards* have been less unmercifully pilfered than in the "adaptation" of *La Dame de la Halle*; which constituted the Easter "*delices*" last season.—Since the publication of Mr. Mathews' well-read pamphlet, we are bound to look upon every piece produced at the *Lyceum* as original, until we can show the contrary to be the fact; and as, in the present instance, we are not prepared to establish the contrary, we must regard *A Strange Story* in the light of an

original piece, and set down as nought the rumours that a French novel furnished the basis of the plot, and that three different French dramas suggested the situation of the three most striking *tableaux*. Moreover—and this can hardly be viewed as a compliment by the authors—the story of *A Strange Story* is so very strange, and its conduct so rambling and desultory, that it would be unfair to lay it at the door of any of the known and popular French dramatists, and the originality of the work may be said to be proved, in some measure, by its defects.

To unravel the history of the nine chapters in succession, is no easy task; let us, at least, endeavour to make it a short one. In chapter one the audience are presented to the exterior of an Alpine inn. The period is 1797. The French are in the Alps. Maurice Bellisle (Mr. Cooper), a serjeant of the "gallant 32d," is attached to Christine, a *vivandière* (Madame Vestris), by whom he has two children, and to whom he is married, according to military custom, by sound of drum. The ceremony is performed by Legros (Mr. F. Mathews), the innkeeper, in presence of Jerome Leverd (Mr. C. Mathews), Nicolas (Mr. Roxby), Nicotte (Miss Julia St. George), Madame Legros (Mrs. F. Mathews, the innkeeper's wife), Dominique (Mr. J. Bland), Maurice's companions in arms, and other witnesses. An adjacent village being attacked, Maurice is compelled to leave his wife and children; the former is wounded by a stray ball, and Nicotte takes the children to a place of safety. Chapter two offers the prospect of the travellers' room. Christine, who has been tended by the innkeeper's wife, having partially recovered, expresses a strong desire to see her children, and persuades Jerome to conduct her to the spot where they are sheltered, under the care of Nicotte. Meanwhile Jean Brigard (Mr. Basil Baker), an escaped convict, who has overheard a conversation about a large sum of money, belonging to a refugee, which Madame Legros has concealed in a panel, discovers the secret of the panel, and decamps with the money. In chapter three the *tableau* represents a wild scene in the mountains. Christine, almost prostrate with fatigue, just arrives in time, with Jerome, to see the bridge, which leads to the hut where her children are protected, destroyed by an avalanche. While giving vent to her despair, a party of *gensdarmes* arrive, arrest her for theft, and convey her to prison, her protestations of innocence being, of course, of no avail. In chapter four the scene is a farm. Thirteen years have flown over since the arrest of Christine, who has never since been heard of. Legros has prospered in life, and become a farmer. Under his care the children of the *vivandière* have grown up, and an attachment is formed between the girl, Estelle (Miss Oliver), and Alfred de Mirecour (Mr. Belton), son of the rich Countess de Mirecour (Mrs. Horn). The aristocratic lady, however, is of course opposed to the marriage; and, to save the girl from dishonour, consigns her to the charge of Jerome Leverd, who, on promise from the Countess, of a dowry of 1,600*fr.*, consents to make her his wife. Estelle driven to desperation, accept the proffered alliance, and departs with Jerome for his own home, which is far distant. Alfred, frustrated in his hopes, takes leave of his mother for ever, and the death of the Countess is the deplorable catastrophe. Between this and chapter five, another period of five years has elapsed, and many changes have occurred. The *tableau* represents the grounds of a *chateau*, where we find most of our old friends assembled, to celebrate the *fete* of the Comte Maurice de Bellisle, who has risen from the rank of serjeant to that of general, in the wars of the empire. Amedée, his son, has formed an attachment for Marguerite, daughter of the rich Baron F—, who is so staunch about lineage that, though he respects the general and likes his son, he will not consent to the marriage until he can obtain full particulars of the birth, parentage, and antecedents of the mother, whose fate is a mystery. All the researches of Maurice have proved vain; when, at a convenient moment, while he is alone, perusing a letter unfolding the Baron's intentions, she suddenly appears, and is at once recognised. The intelligence, however, that she has been imprisoned eighteen years for theft, and has only just been released through the agency of some unknown persons, throws the General into consternation; and though he believes her innocent, he persuades her not to reveal herself to her children. At this point the story becomes complicated. Alfred de Mirecour has renewed his intimacy with

Estelle (the supposed wife of Jerome Leverd, now a man of affluence and station), with whom he has secret interviews. Amedée, Estelle's brother, has discovered the secret, and insults De Mirecour at a ball (chapter six). A challenge is the result, and an interview appointed. Consentaneously with this, another interest is created by a suspicion, afterwards certified by fact, that the rich Baron F— is no other than the convict, Jean Brigard, who had stolen the money concealed by Mde. Legros, for the loss of which Christine had been imprisoned. In chapter seven. ("Chute du by moonlight"), Brigard escapes from the ball-room, but is recognised and watched by Legros, who tracks him to his hiding place, where he has repaired in disguise. As the only means of saving himself, Brigard, who has been the secret cause of Christine's release, determines to have her apprehended again; and (chapter eight, "Waterfall in the Glen") while pointing her out to the *gensdarmes* as the escaped convict, he is confronted himself, and compelled to change positions with his intended victim. Whereupon the false Baron kills himself, and a lifeless body is taken in charge by the officers of justice. In chapter nine. ("Rustic Pavilion, afterwards Saloon of Mirrors") another unexpected *denouement* takes place;—Jerome Leverd, who has never been really married to Estelle, heroically resigns her to his young and noble rival, Alfred de Mirecour. To conclude—Count Maurice is happy to recognise his innocent wife; Christine is enraptured to embrace her children; Estelle and Alfred on one side, Marguerite and Amedée on the other, reap the reward of constant and honourable love; the insult is forgiven, and the duel forgotten; everybody is satisfied, and *A Strange Story* comes to an end.

Madame Vestris displayed great pathos in many scenes, and a general conception of the character of Christine, which left nothing to be desired. Miss Julia St. George gave prominence to that of Nicotte, by her vivacity, and the spirited manner in which she sang one or two pleasing songs, composed for her by Mr. Tully. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews were both excellent; the former presented a humorous portrait of the good-natured innkeeper, in the catalogue of whose qualities sobriety was not counted; and the latter, of a busy loquacious housewife. The part of Maurice Bellisle was rendered both agreeable and effective by Mr. Cooper, whose long experience and thorough stage tact enabled him to deprive it of all its heaviness; the old French soldier could scarcely, indeed, have been looked at and acted with more genuine truth. Mr. James Bland was also to be praised for the quiet humour which he imparted to Dominique—a stage corporal of very ancient standing. Mr. Basil Baker got through the unattractive part of Jean Brigard exceedingly well; and Mr. Roxby was amusing enough as Nicolas, a silly companion of Jerome. When Mr. Charles Mathews is quite perfect in the words of his part, there can be little doubt that his Jerome Leverd will be a striking performance. As it was, he obtained applause for many points, which he rendered highly dramatic by force of energy and feeling. Mr. Belton, who played the young Count de Mirecour, occasionally raised laughter by the romantic exaggeration of his gestures, but spoke some passages very sensibly. Miss Oliver (last, not least) is entitled to as much praise as any one concerned in the drama. Owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Robertson, she was compelled to undertake the part of Estelle at a few hours' notice, and the indulgence of the audience was requested on her behalf. There was no necessity, however, for an apology, since the performance of Miss Oliver was graceful and unaffected, while it showed few, if any signs of imperfect acquaintance with the text.

The scenery has not been surpassed even by Mr. W. Beverly. Every one of the nine *tableaux* offered something to admire; while No. 5 (the grounds of the *chateau*), and No. 8 (the Waterfall in the Glen), were strikingly beautiful. The former was like one of the sunny Italian scenes of Uwins; the latter, in which real water was used, completely took the house by surprise. The audience applauded for several minutes; the performance was arrested; and, in obedience to a loud and unanimous summons, Mr. Beverly appeared, and walked across the stage. The ballet in the *fete* scene merits notice solely on account of a *pas breton*, executed with graphic humour and remarkable spirit by Miss Rosina Wright. This was encored, and gave a great lift to the drama, which had just begun to flag.

To insure *A Strange Story* a good chance of permanent success it must be largely curtailed. Considerable disapproval was evinced during some parts of the performance; but there is enough interest, and enough pointed if not highly dramatic situation, in the piece to make it worth the trouble of compression. Mr. C. Matthews and Madame Vestris were called for at the conclusion.

STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. W. Alleroff opened this favourite theatre on Easter Monday with the opera of *Love in a Village*, followed by the musical farce of the *Invincibles*. The aim of the present management is, we understand, to produce standard English operas, musical farces, and the lighter class of musical pieces, now so popular on the continent. If the theatre is conducted with spirit, of which there can be little doubt under the able management of Mr. Alleroff, the "speciality" which the enterprising lessee aims at, will not fail to be obtained, and a class of entertainment provided for the public, which is certain to be attractive. Mr. Alleroff has secured the services of Miss Rebecca Isaacs, as *prima donna*, and Miss Emily Ormond; Mr. Henry Manley as *prima tenore*, Mr. Leffler as *basso*, and an excellent company to back them. It is therefore plain to be seen that Mr. Alleroff has begun in the right way—viz., by deserving success, if he cannot command it. Mr. J. M. Jolly is the musical conductor, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs the directress *en chef*.

POETRY.

OUR AMATEUR CHOIR.

I WENT to our Temple, the tones to admire
Of — tuneful Organ, and — New Choir;
But the *Organ alone* in the strife could be heard,
For these amateur singers didn't utter a word;
Save the man who, with somewhat more courage than grace,
Tho' distending his lungs and extending his face,
With most pious intent,—yet came in—in wrong place:
So the Charity Children the music uphold,
And get through it far better (the *truth* to unfold),
Than their charming assistants, just three times as old!

EXPOSITION.

Once Phœbus was pray'd to bestow on some asses
(Who cropp'd on a common the richest of grasses)
A sweet Organ,—as Ass number one had a voice,
Which he lustily us'd when dispos'd to rejoice.
As divers sick wretches—too near him—avow;
For they'd gladly get rid of his noise, anyhow,
Tho' the Devil himself came to stifle his row.
O amateur one! pray reflect at your glass,
And own to yourself—"Of a truth, I'm this ass!"

But Apollo bethought him—then laid at their feet
A superlative Organ, with pedals complete;
Ordaining—"The Organ alone shall be heard,"
And of the pleas'd Asinine's song not a word;
Well knowing that they—though *Apollo* were playing,
Would fondly imagine they heard their own braying.
Thus the powers benign here have handed us down
An Organ that hides the disgrace of the town;
Whilst the Choir, as they list to its rich liquid tone
Like the Asses, fondly think they hear but their own.

FROM A DROWSY PARISHIONER.

SONG OF THE STARS TO LUNA.

By ANDREW PARR.

Thy silver urn is brimm'd with light,
Fair queen of the sunken sun!
Thy palace-hall is the vault of night,
Thou modest and gentle one.
We are thy children, mother fair,
And hurry thy will to hear;
We follow in joy through the courts of air
While dew-drops spangle thy golden hair
With a tier of diamond tear.

The tapestry of night is drawn
Beneath thy sandal'd foot;
The seas below no longer yawn,
The plaintive winds are mute.
No comet star draws near to mar,
The soft beams of thine eye,
Then come in bliss to night afar,
And we will follow thy silent car,
As ye climb the lofty sky!

Away, away! all fleet and gay,
We sail the aerial sea,
While vapours round our forehead play,
As we revel in radiant glee.
Thus, topaz-like, round the form of light,
We circle in meteor love,
From dreamy earth in rapt delight,
The pensive maid and poet bright,
Look charm'd to our home above.

ART.

The centre from which springs every relation,
Ascending and descending;
A rich river of life,
Where truth can develop in fulness;
A harp from whose chords are struck
The universal swell of life from darkest gloom to brightest joy:
A lake into whose waters flow
Opposing rivers, peacefully and in love,
The magic spell, which holds all ranks in its control,
Acknowledging that
"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

A-B-A-O-T-Y.

AN ANGUS REACH CASE IN AMERICA.

(From the *New York Musical World and Times*).

OPERA MATTERS.—Sontag has been singing in *Maria di Rohan* the week past. Albani and her troupe have arrived in the city. They commence at Niblo's immediately on the departure of Madame Sontag, under Mr. Maretzek's leadership, and assisted by his attractive corps of artists. It is proper to refer, in this connection, to the unwarrantable exclusion of the musical critic of the *Albion* from the opera, last week, by the Sontag management. The following presents the case:—

The event of the week has been Madame Sontag's *Linda de Chamounis*, concerning which we had purposed giving our readers a notice. But the manager, on Madame Sontag's behalf (for that estimable lady herself could never have been guilty of so foolish and ill-judged an act), has taken upon himself to exclude from Niblo's the gentleman who has lately been our musical critic, and whose remarks on the opera have not been relished. *He was refused, on Wednesday evening, the privilege of buying a ticket of admission at the Box office!* Legal proceedings have, of course, been commenced for the purpose of vindicating at once a citizen's right, and a

proper independence in criticism. In the meantime, we shall abstain from troubling our readers with further remarks about Madame Sontag's performances. Enough has been said in these columns already on the subject; nor is it probable that anything will be seen or heard, likely to change the opinions hitherto recorded. A few weeks since, a musical criticism extracted from this journal was printed entire at the foot of the Opera bills of *Sonnambula*, by way of showing the incompetency of our critic! The incident was too ludicrous, to draw from us any allusion to it; but in connection with the step now taken, it is here put on record. We must bear, as best we may, all the importance thus thrust upon the *Albion's* voice on musical matters."—*Albion of Saturday*.

Count Rossi and his agent, (for we presume, of course, they act in concert,) seem to deal with the press in this country very much as the former would deal with his petty dependents at home, had he still control over them. This is a mistake. The Count will discover it to be a mistake. It is an ill return for the courtesy which Madame Sontag has received at the hands of the Americans; a courtesy not proportioned to Madame's artistic deserts; but proportioned to the warm-heartedness of the American people, and that prompt and warm sympathy which spontaneously springs at the family misfortunes of a *once* great singer, a *once* exquisite and magic voice, a *once* inspired and youthful artiste. Americans appreciate well the difference between what *was* Sontag, and what *is* Sontag no more, although the Count and the agent may not think so; and the lenient criticism and forbearance of the public press may have served to confirm them in their mistake.

[This was followed in the next number of the same Journal by what is evidently intended to be a still more insidious attack on the great singer.]

CONFESSIONS.

We confess our sins of omission, though we own to none of commission. We commit no sins, but we omit some.

1.—We have omitted to chronicle the second performance of Mr. Charles Horsley's extremely clever oratorio, *Joseph*. This took place at the fifth concert of the Harmonic Union, at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, the 18th ult. The singers were Misses Birch, E. Birch, and Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss; Mr. Benedict being absent on the continent, Mr. Charles Horsley occupied his post as conductor. The execution of the oratorio was an improvement on the first night, and, on the whole, highly creditable to the new society. We were pleased to notice in the room Mr. Sudlow, one of the principal members of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, for which Institution, it must not be forgotten, the oratorio of *Joseph* was composed. We were glad to observe there was a full attendance, from which it may be surmised the Harmonic Union is in a fair way of prospering.

2.—We omitted to chronicle (although we did not omit to herald) the third evening concert of M. Alexandre Billet at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday evening, the 17th ult., which was highly interesting, like its predecessors. It began with Mr. C. E. Stephens' very able and musician-like trio, in F., for piano, violin and violoncello, which was performed with great *brío* by MM. Billet, Jansa and Paque. This trio is a credit to the young English school of instrumental composition, and merits greater attention than it has received from our young English pianists, who should not have left it to a foreigner to introduce to the public. The trio was received with great favor, especially the *scherzo* which is *tres piquant et pétillant*. M. Billet, as usual, played preludes, fugues and studies in abundance. There was Bach's prelude and fugue in A flat (from the immortal 48), Mendelssohn's ditto ditto in B minor

(from the equally destined to immortality "Six Preludes and Fugues"—which may be had of our friends Addison and Hollier), and three studies—Moscheles' in C, Chopin's in G flat, and Billet's in F. The black key study of Chopin was magnificently played and bisped by the audience; but M. Billet declined to bis it. M. Billet's own study, entitled "La Sylphide," is a deliciously fanciful *morceau*, very difficult, but very *leggiere*, and worthy to be played by any pianist and every, though it could hardly be better played than by the composer himself. M. Billet also executed with becoming gravity the mighty sonata of Beethoven in E, op. 109, one of the last and greatest of his inspirations. The *prestissimo* in E minor, while the whole performance was good, stood out from the rest by its energetic velocity. How M. Billet plays the caprice of Mendelssohn in F sharp minor—which he introduced once more on this occasion—need hardly be recorded. None plays it oftener, few so well. When we add that the enterprising pianist also introduced Steibelt's delicious pastoral in G, (which may be had of our friends Leader and Cock, who purchased it among other valuable things from the rich catalogue of our very old and particular friend Coventry), and Weber's brilliant polacca in E, (which may be had, under the appropriate title of "L'Hilarité," from our not younger, or less particular friend, Wessel), we have completed the wealthy catalogue of his performances. The polacca, dashed off with masterly facility, was unanimously encoired; in obedience to which summons, the untired pianist played a very elegant study of his own, (not in the programme), romantically entitled "Margaret," which was heard with equal interest. The vocal music was confined to Mrs Temple and the bass gentleman who makes one of the party of the German Vocal Quartet Union. The lady sang, with great feeling and facility, Mendelssohn's superb scena, "Infelice;" certainly one of the finest soprano songs extant. Equally at home was Mrs. Temple in Benedict's beautiful and unaffected ballad, "The Cottage Door;" M. Billet accompanied the vocal music. The fourth and last concert will be a morning performance, and will also take place in the Hanover-square Rooms.

3.—We omitted to chronicle the fourth and last Musical Winter Evening, which happened eke on Thursday evening, the 17th ult., and presented a rich programme. Alive to his interest, and tender of his reputation, Mr. Ella, the director, was determined to make the last concert the best, and succeeded in bringing his determination to bear. A good thing cannot be heard too often, and so Mr. Ella, according to his promise, repeated Spohr's very fine quintet in G (No. 2, Op. 33), which Molique had the credit of introducing, and plays to such perfection, as wholly to distingue criticism. It was again a glorious performance, and again the great professor, who was equally balanced by Piatti at the bass, was nervously supported by Messrs. Mellon, Goffrie, and Webbe, at the second violin, and the two violas. A good thing cannot be heard too often, and so Mr. Ella encharged the tender little Claus with Beethoven's grand and brilliant Sonata, in C, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein. How Mdle. Claus interpreted, (we insist upon the word, spite of Mr. Clement White and other learned advocates of its unfitness) this sonata, need not be told; how lightly her tiny (or rather, taper) fingers touched the keys; and how gracefully her white arms crossed each other as though in the act of embracing the clavier (happy clavier!) in the crossing passages of the rondo; and how carefully Mr. Ella, the director, turned over the leaves for his enchanting and enchanted *protégée*, whom he had the honor of introducing first and foremost to an English public, need not again be told. As we said, a good thing cannot be heard too often, and therefore Mr. Ella was justified in bring-

ing forward this same sonata, which the admirable Hallé has more than twice performed so admirably at the Musical Union, and which, moreover, gave the audience a chance of comparing the masterly and masculine reading of the male pianist, with the passion and sentiment of his lovelier rival. What need we say of the dainty Doria—who, endowed with a voice, a face and form of equal beauty, gave the prestige of her triune beauty to a couple of charming *lieder* of Goldberg, who accompanied the fair Dorian at the piano—beyond this, that the songs and singer were equally grateful to the audience? We have purposely left the two tit-bits to the last. The two tit-bits were, a quintet in E flat, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello, by Robert Schumann—one of the Siamese twins of modern musical aesthetics—and a quartet, No. 1, in A minor, Op. 13, the second of that species of composition which Mendelssohn composed, and the first which he published. Mr. Ella's idea in placing these works in juxtaposition—the quartet, the production of Mendelssohn's early youth, and the quintet, the offspring of Schumann's late prime—was to give the aesthetists on one side, and the purists (as our excellent friend, the *Illustrated News*, terms them) on the other, a chance of comparing notes. The result was, the un-breeched boy showed himself a greater master than the bearded man. The *travail* of, what might almost be termed, inexperience, considering the extreme youth of Mendelssohn when he wrote his quartet, should serve as a model to the Prophet of Leipsic and the darling of Düsseldorf—two towns which were raised from insignificance to musical importance, by the exertions of Mendelssohn alone—as a model from which he might learn—supposing he can learn—many other secrets essential to the accomplished musician, besides those of development and form, of which Dr. Schumann (with deference) knows little or less.

(To be continued.)

Reviews of Music.

"ADELAIDA VALSES."—Pour le pianoforte. Composées par W. E. JARRETT.

"MAZURKA BRILLANTE."—Pour le pianoforte. Par W. E. JARRETT. Wessel and Co.

Both of these new contributions of Mr. W. E. Jarrett are calculated to maintain his reputation as a writer of light and elegant dance music. The waltzes especially, which are modelled in the form used by Strauss, with an introduction and a coda, will attract by their liveliness, and the marked rhythm of their tunes, which are regular waltz tunes, and of the best, if not of the most original. They are also easy to play, and that is no small matter. We therefore recommend the "Adelaida Valses," without further palaver.

The "Mazurka Brillante," is more ambitious and more difficult, and the skips will place it out of the reach of the tribe of small performers. The tune is nevertheless fresher than any of the themes in the waltzes, without, however, being absolutely original. An original mazurka indeed, in these times—although one was happily found in Jullien's *Peter the Great*—is not to be looked for, and if Mr. W. E. Jarrett has not found it he is hardly to be blamed; as well blame him for not being a phoenix, or a swan niger, or some other *rara avis*. His Mazurka claims notice from its brilliancy and the musical proficiency displayed in the introductory andante. It is an effective drawing-room piece, and, if performed with spirit and correctness, can hardly fail to gratify.

"MINNA AND BRENDA"—Deux morceaux, pour le pianoforte. Composées par EMANUEL AGUILAR. Wessel and Co.

The rapidity with which Mr. Aguilar composes happily does not interfere with the care bestowed on his compositions and their consequent finish. Mr. Aguilar is a musician who loves his art,

and worships her at the shrine of truth, and never degrades her by clumsy workmanship and unworthy offerings. In his bagatelles the same evidence of fixed purpose and the same pains in accomplishing it are observable. For this reason the two elegant pieces now before us merit consideration quite as much as the overture and Concert-stück which we noticed a few weeks since. Mr. Aguilar has attempted to make poetical distinction between the two admirable creations of Walter Scott, the sisters in the *Pirate*, whom Claud Halcro, the poet of the Orkneys and friend of glorious John, denominated severally Day and Night. He has succeeded completely. The graceful character allied to a predominating plainness of No. 1, in C, is well calculated to raise up the image of the trustful Minna; while the exuberant gaiety of No. 2, an *allegretto vivace* in A flat, is equally appropriate to the laughing and light-hearted Brenda. We may say, without exaggeration, that Mr. Aguilar, the musician, has made a more felicitous copy of Scott's immortal sisters in his music, than Sir Lytton, the romanticist, in his romance (*Eugene Aram*). Mr. Aguilar has dedicated his *morceaux* to the Viscountess Combermere, an accomplished amateur; but the public will have its part of the dedication too, since two such charming and unpretending pieces, lying as they do within the means of the great mass of pianists, amateur, and professional, are not likely to remain long unknown. It is with no small pleasure that we do what is in our power to advance their popularity by giving our testimony to their merits.

"FOUR EXERCISES FOR THE PIANOFORTE"—For the extension of the fingers. Composed by CARLO MINASI. Mori and Lavenue.

The four exercises of Mr. Carlo Minasi have one great merit—that of utility. They are really calculated to accomplish the end at which they aim, that of extending the fingers; and the student, who diligently practises them day by day, cannot fail to derive a solid advantage therefrom. They not only loosen the fingers and render them pliable, but accustom the learner to abstruse chords in almost every key and in every position. The eye becomes familiar with flats and sharps, and the left hand gathers force and certainty by having a task imposed upon it equal to that imposed upon the right.

The first and second studies, which consist of distributions of diminished sevenths between the two hands, progressing through a great variety of keys, are both admirable; and, if Mr. Carlo Minasi can play them himself with ease and rapidity, he must be a pianist *de la première force*.

The third study—a distribution also of diminished sevenths in *arpeggio* up and down the piano—intended to be performed by each hand separately, is equally useful, and promotes the acquisition of brilliancy, as well as equality of execution.

The fourth study partakes of the character of the two first, with the additional feature of full chords, employing the five fingers of each hand, to be played with force and energy.

These exercises are well worthy the attention of professors.

"I CAN BUT WEEP"—Ballad—Written by GEORGE LINLEY—Composed by JOSEPH J. DUGGAN. Campbell, Ransford and Co.

"I can but weep" is a sentimental love song, and of the best. The words, which belong to the Bunn school, offer nothing new, but the music presents the attraction of a pleasing and tender melody, combined with that taste and feeling for harmony which constitutes a distinguishing characteristic in almost all of Mr. Duggan's compositions, and which prevents them from being confounded with those of common-place writers.

"THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL"—Duet for Soprano and Bass—Poetry by MRS. NEWTON CROSSLAND—Composed by G. A. MACFARREN. Campbell, Ransford and Co.

Mr. Macfarren, is, perhaps, entitled to be called the most successful English composer of vocal duets, who has of late years been actively employed in producing them. It is unnecessary to cite those among his numerous duets which have acquired an extensive and well-deserved popularity. Their names are too well known to need enumeration. Suffice it that the present, lately

issued by Messrs. Campbell and Ranford, is one of the best of them. The melody, while original, has a strong smack of the old English feeling, and, but for its larger development, might well pass for Dibdin. The subject is one, indeed, which that great English melodist would have treated most successfully. He would perhaps have treated it with more simplicity. He could hardly have endowed it with more homely beauty, or more genuine sentiment. The two opening phrases—that in A minor, for the soprano, and the response for the bass voice, in F—are finely contrasted, and there is a manly vigour about it, without any effort or straining of the expression, which is eminently expressive. An episode in the major key, where the two voices are employed together, gives a happy contrast. The first subject and the answer are then given *notatim*, and the duet concludes with a repetition of the major phrase for the two voices. The form may be said to be that of ordinary ballads in verses. Amidst the quantities of rubbish that issues from the musical press, such a contribution, small though it be, from an accomplished musician and a man of genius, who never places in the engraver's hands anything of which he need be ashamed thereafter, is as welcome to the weary critic as, to the weary traveller, an oasis in a desert.

Provincial.

MAIDSTONE.—On Tuesday, the 29th March, Mr. W. Ireton, master of the band at the cavalry depot here, gave his Annual Evening Concert at the Corn Exchange, under the patronage of Lieut.-Col. Middleton, and most of the influential families of the county. The vocalists were Mrs. Alexander Newton, the Misses Brougham, and Mr. G. Perren; Mr. J. Ward, concertina, with the orchestral and military bands (under the direction of Messrs. Tolhurst and Ireton). Mrs. Alexander Newton, who was here some two years ago, and has wonderfully improved, not only in style but voice, took them by surprise, and was encored in the "Queen of Night" song, "The Gentle Lark," and Cherry's ballad "Cushla ma Chree,"—even then the audience were so delighted, that they positively wanted one more encore. The Misses Broughams' rendering of Mendelssohn's duet, "Greeting," was excellent; they were encored in Glover's "Cousins." Mr. G. Perren had a well-merited encore in Bishop's "My pretty Love." Mr. J. Ward's concertina solo gave evident delight. The glee, &c., were so well sung by this party that we shall be glad to see them here again very soon. The room was fully and fashionably attended.—*From a Correspondent.*

Miscellaneous.

SURREY THEATRE.—A series of first-class concerts were given at the above theatre during Passion Week, upon which occasions the following artists were engaged:—Misses Louisa Pyne, Messent, Poole, Rose Braham, Brougham, Lowe, Medora Collins, and Stabbach; Messrs. W. Harrison, Henri Drayton, Henry Manley, and Weiss. Instrumentalists:—Pianoforte, M. Alexandre Billet; violin, Messrs. Isaac and Viotti Collins; violoncello, Mr. George Collins; contra basso, Signor Bottesini; concertinas, Miss Medora Collins and Messrs. G. and J. Case; conductors, Messrs. G. Case, Alex. Billet, Isaacson, Kuchler, Viotti Collins and Haskins. To speak of the merits of the different performers would take up more space than we can spare—suffice it to say, all the artists were first-rate, and delighted the audiences on the several evenings.

MISS HELEN CONDELL.—*On dit*—that this talented vocalist has received most advantageous offers to visit the United States of America the ensuing season.

MADemoiselle CLAUS is at Paris, where she was recalled to give her farewell concert. She will shortly return to London for the season.

MADAME PLEYEL has returned to Brussels, to resume her duties as chief professor at the *Conservatoire*. There is some hope, however, that the great pianist will be able to revisit London in the month of May. Nothing is yet settled on the subject.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN has issued the prospectus of her annual series of *Matinées*, in which she will be supported by Mr. W. H. Holmes, M. Sainon, Mr. Lazarus, Signor Patti, M. Rousselot, Signor Bottesini, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, Miss Amy Dolby,,

Madame F. Lablache, Madame Macfarren, Miss Bassano, Miss Dolby, Signor F. Lablache, Mr. A. Pierre, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Walter Macfarren, &c. At the first performance, among other *marceaux* will be given one of the trios of Mendelssohn, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; a pianoforte sonata, for four hands, of Dussek; a violin sonata of Beethoven; and a new rondo for the violoncello. Mrs. John Macfarren numbers among her patronesses, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Camden, the Marchioness of Aylesbury, the Countess of Bradford, Lady Helen Stuart, Lady Carmichael Anstruther, and others multiple of the nobility and gentry.

MADAME CATALANI.—A son of this celebrated vocalist, who is one of the Emperor's equerries, was riding, with Louis Napoleon, in the Bois de Boulogne, when his horse ran away, and threw him. He was seriously hurt, but it is supposed he will recover.

MR. BENEDICT has returned to London for the season. He will conduct the next concert of the Harmonic Union.

JULIEN has left London on a continental tour for some weeks. He passed through Brussels, a few days since, on his way to places unknown. It is announced that the rapid and inexhaustible composer has retired into continental solitudes, bent on the composition of another opera, which he is about to give to the world in junction with his co-labourer, Desmond Ryan. We trust that this report is not unfounded.

HABERBIEB, the pianist, about whom there has lately been so much talk, and who, according to Mr. Ella and other authorities, has discovered an entirely new system of mechanism, has arrived in London, and will make his first appearance at the first concert of the Musical Union.

ALEXANDRE BILLET.—This excellent pianist is engaged to play at the second concert of the New Philharmonic Society.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, the new tenor, of the Royal Italian Opera, has arrived in London, and will shortly make his first appearance in the *Barbiere*.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This Society gave their annual performance, in Passion Week, of Handel's sublime oratorio, the *Messiah*, and, although only given the previous evening by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the Hall was again crammed. The exertions of the band and chorus deserve the highest commendation. The overture was finely played—the quaint old fugue coming out with fine effect. The choruses, with one exception, going exceedingly well. The principal vocalists were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Stabbach, and Miss Williams; Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler. Miss Louisa Pyne was excellent, and displayed her superb voice to great effect. Miss Stabbach (her first appearance at these performances, and a highly-successful one) was very effective; her first air, "Come unto him," was sung somewhat nervously; but her recit. and aria, "He was cut off," and "But thou didst not love," was charming, and was received with great favour by the audience. Miss Williams sang with her usual ability, as also did Messrs. Lockey and Lawler.

LONDON INSTITUTION.—Dr. Bexfield has just completed a course of lectures at this Institution. His subject was, "the present state of music in England."

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY assembled on Monday week, at the Freemasons' Hall, to commemorate, as usual, the anniversary of the Battle of Alexandria, under the presidency of His Grace the Duke of Argyle. There was a large gathering of Highlanders, many of them in the Celtic garb, and no lack of bagpipes, under the direction of her Majesty's piper, Mackay, in addition to the juvenile band of the Caledonian Asylum. Mr. Land delighted the company with several favourite Scotch songs.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The Diorama of the Wellington Campaigns has maintained its attraction during the Easter week, and the patronage it continues to receive from the public is thoroughly deserved. The views of Walmer Castle, the Funeral Procession of the illustrious Duke, and the interior of St. Paul's, are features of the Diorama that merit especial mention, as being highly interesting mementos of departed greatness.

THE ROUND CATCH AND CANON CLUB held their last meeting but one, of the present season, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. Bradbury in the chair. There was a large attendance of professional, as well as non-professional, members present. Amongst

the former we noticed Messrs. Francis, Barnby, J. Bennett, H. Gear, Land, Benson, H. Barnby, and Machin, who performed a variety of compositions in an admirable manner. We are glad to hear that the affairs of this club were never in so flourishing a condition, notwithstanding the secession of a few of the senior non-professional members at the commencement of the season. Mr. Rowland Hill, the great Postal reformer, was present, as a visitor, and his eminent services were alluded to, in appropriate terms, by Mr. Francis.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GEORGE VICKERS, OF LIMERICK.—We have been favoured with an inspection of the very handsome testimonial presented to our respected fellow-citizen, Mr. George Vickers, by the Incumbent and Committee of Trinity Church, as a token of their appreciation of his gratuitous services for some years as organist. It is an exceedingly chaste and beautiful design, quite unique, and composed of purest solid silver. It represents an octagon pedestal, of neat dimensions, bright as a mirror, the base resting upon three claws, which, with the verge encircling the same, are exquisitely ornamented with wreaths of grapy, bearing fruit, raised in appropriate relief, to display the delicacy of the upper portion. A carved silver leaf surmounts the testimonial, and upon it stands a figure, in graceful attitude, with uplifted arms, supporting by equal balance, above the head, a silver socket, upon which she appears to gaze with admiration, as within it rests a magnificently cut glass vase, six inches in circumference, with trellis of silver wire, entwined with flowers of the rarest and most choice description. The entire is elevated upon an exquisite mahogany stand, and enclosed in a large glass shade. The inscription engraved in front of the pillar is as follows:—"Presented to George Vickers, Esq., by the Incumbent and Committee of Trinity Church, as a small token of their respect and esteem." This very beautiful article was manufactured by Mr. R. Wallace, George's Street, and reflects the highest credit on his good taste and superior workmanship.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

WESTMINSTER LITERARY INSTITUTION.—A selection of Music was given here on Tuesday Evening. The theatre of the Institution was crowded. The vocalists were Miss Poole and Miss Messent, Messrs. Benson and Weiss. Miss Ellen Day contributed her aid on the pianoforte, and the Messrs. Blagrove on the violin and concertina. The programme was an unusually short one—under twenty pieces—"think of that, Master Brook". For ourselves, we were grateful for this short measure; the more so, because the selection was an exceedingly good one—(good concerts should never be long). In fact, the sacrifices of good taste to a mixed audience, are daily becoming less and less. Dr. Cooke's lively glee to Shakespeare's words, "Hark the lark," was nicely given by the above vocalists. Miss Poole, who in the choice of her songs, shews the same tact and refinement with which she delivers them, sang Lindley's pretty ballad, "Hear me but once" and was afterwards encored in Sterndale Bennett's quick-hearted offering to the Vernal season, "May-dew"; and in Mr. Balfe's new song, "The Canteneer." This is but a bagatelle; but the thunder-clap of an encore, which the syren invariably obtains for it, amply justifies her choice. Mr. Benson sang Mozart's "Forget me not," and his favourite popularity, "Meeting and parting," a song glowing with deep and natural feeling. For this piece of inspiration, which, however, is without an accredited author, Mr. Benson, who wants nothing but a more powerful voice to place him in the foremost rank of our native tenors, obtained a loud and well-merited encore. Mr. Weiss, after delivering Schubert's song, "The Wanderer," was called on for a repetition of Mendelssohn's burst of robust and youthful animal spirits, "I'm a roamer." And now here is the pretty Miss Messent, with her cheeks full of dimples, come to carry off the lion's share of the laurels. This lady was encored in three of her favourite songs, among which was a comic Scotch melody—a sure card with her. She also repeated, with Miss Poole, the dramatic duet of "The Cousins." Miss Ellen Day, who played two fantasias, was encored in both. In strength and nimbleness, her digitals are very fairies. With such requisites, a little more clearness and finish will be easily acquired. The Messrs. Blagrove acquitted themselves with quite their usual success.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, Mr. COSTA. With the view of meeting the general desire to witness the performance of MENDELSSOHN'S HYMN OF PRAISE, and MOZART'S REQUIEM, the Committee have arranged for the performance of those works for the FOURTH and LAST TIME this Season, on FRIDAY NEXT, APRIL 8th, 1853. To prevent repetition of the disappointment experienced by parties unable to procure Tickets for the former performances, immediate application is recommended to be made to the usual agents, or at the sole office of the Society, No. 6 in Exeter Hall, where Tickets (3s., 5s., and 10s. 6l. each) are now ready. The Band and Chorus will consist of nearly 200 performers. The next Subscription Concert will take place on FRIDAY, the 15th inst., when HANDEL'S ISRAEL IN EGYPT will be performed.

6, Exeter Hall, April 1, 1853.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed that the SECOND CONCERT will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS on MONDAY EVENING NEXT the 4th of APRIL. Programme—Overture, scherzo, and finale (first time of performance in this country) Schumann; Concerto in E, violin, M. Sainton, Spahr; Cantata, "The Praise of Music" Beethoven; Six fovals in E flat, M. Sainton; Finale to the unfinished Opera of "Lorely," Mendelssohn; Overture, Massanillo, Auber. Principal vocal performers—Miss L. Pyne, Miss Poole, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Lawler, with Chorus. Conductor, Mr. Costa. Subscription for the season, £4 4s. Single Tickets, £1 1s. Double Tickets, £1 10s. Triple Tickets, £2 5s. To be had at Messrs. Addison and Hollier's, 210, Regent-st.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

33, Norfolk-street, Strand.

A PUBLIC DRAWING for Rights of Choice on the Society's Estates will take place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, the 11th of April, at Three o'clock, p.m. Persons becoming Members on or before the 11th, will participate in the advantages. The seven Estates already purchased are, the College of Civil Engineers, and the Cedars, at Putney, the Rectory Estate at Ealing, the Houslow Estate, close to the Station, the Wood-green Estate, at Tottenham, an Estate between Ware and Hertford, and an Estate at Leeds. Negotiations are in progress for other eligible Estates for Allotment among the Members, in various countries. Progress during the month—Subscribed Capital, £150,000; paid up about £21,000; Shares taken, 3000; Members on the Order of Rights, 614.

C. L. GRUNASEN, Secretary.

QUARTETT ASSOCIATION.

UNDER the immediate Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Albert, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, M.V. Sainton, Cooper, Hill, and Piatelli beg most respectfully to inform the musical public, that they will give a SERIES of SIX MATINEES during the months of April, May, and June, commencing on Thursday, April 14 at Will's Rooms, St. James's. A pianist of the first eminence will be engaged for each meeting. Critical Analysis of the compositions selected for performance, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, will be annexed to the Programme. Subscriptions for the Series, £1 11s. 6d. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. Subscribers' names received by Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street; Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Leader and Clerk, 63, New Bond-street; S. A. Turner, 19, Poultry; City; M. Sainton, 4, Cork-street, Bond-street; Signor Piatelli, 50, St-nephew-street, Regent's-park; and of Mr. Cooper, 3, Windsor-cottages, Haverstock-hill.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.

THREE MORNING CONCERTS will be given by the above Society, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on SATURDAYS, APRIL 9, MAY 7, and JUNE 18. Programme of First Concert, April 9th. Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Overtures, Son and Stranger, Mendelssohn; the Nalades, W. S. Bennett; Le Domino Noir, Auber; Concerto Violin, Mr. Cooper, Spahr; Solo Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper. Vocal, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weiss. Leader, Mr. H. C. Cooper. Conductor, Mr. Mellon. Prices of Admission—Reserved Seats, 5s. Unreserved, 3s. Subscription to Series 10s. 6d. Tickets and Programmes at all the Music Sellers, or of Mr. Alfred Nicholson, Hon. Sec., 66, Upper Norton-street, Portland Road.

MUSICAL UNION.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, Patron. TUESDAY, APRIL 5, WILLIS'S ROOMS, half-past Three o'clock. Quartet, Haydn; duet in D, piano and violoncello, Mendelssohn; Quartet, No. 9, Beethoven. Executants—Vieuxtemps, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatelli. Pianist—Haberli, who will also play solos with a new method of flauting bravura passages. Visitor's tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be had at Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street. J. ELLA, Dir. etc. Members can pay for their friends at the rooms. Free admissions to Artists will require the signature of the Chairman of the Committee, Lord Salton. In consequence of the crowded state of the Rooms last season, the free admissions to Artists must necessarily be curtailed.

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